Clara Wilcox

February, '97.

THE NORTHSTAR

A MONTHLY MAGAZINE PUBLISHED IN THE INTEREST OF WESTFIELD, MASSACHUSETTS AND SURROUNDING COUNTRY.

5c. per Copy.

7 MODELS. MODELS 7.

AGENCY FOR

Remington Standard Typewriter

and Typewriter Supplies.

We carry supplies for the different machines.

RIBBONS:-Webster Star Brand and Paragon Non-Type-Filling. Also a special Ribbon for work copied by rapid roller copying presses.

CARBON PAPER:-Webster and Underwood.

OIL:-Lubricating or Cleaning.

COPYING BOOKS:-Remington and Chadwick.

Brushes, Mimeograph Supplies, &c., &c.

We also make a specialty of repairing machines at a moderate price. If in need of anything drop us a postal, we do the rest.

We don't close our doors
in the winter,
but are here to talk
'97 Wheels.
Latch string is always out.

MONTGOMERY & BARTLETT,

50 Elm Street and 5 Church Street, Westfield.

Lee & Andrews

Successors to

Russell Bros.

Lane & Loomis' Block,

Westfield.

GROCERIES

Including the regular Staples, and very complete departments devoted to Fruits, Confectionery and Cigars.

CROCKERY

Including Plain and Decorated China,
Fancy Cups and Saucers,
Glassware, &c.

Fresh Home-Made

Raised Doughnuts

Every day.

Orders delivered to all parts of the town.

This store has been thoroughly re-arranged and re-stocked and we respectfully solicit a continuance of the store's liberal patronage.

LEE & ANDREWS,

Successors to

RUSSELL BROS.

C. S. Hannum & Co.

Prescription Druggists.

124

ELM STREET,
WESTFIELD, MASS.
TELEPHONE
13 - 2.

WE MAKE 124 LARGE SO THAT EVERY PERSON MAY KNOW AND REMEMBER THAT OUR NUMBER IS 124 ELM STREET.

Physicians' Prescriptions

CAREFULLY AND ACCURATELY COMPOUNDED.

Keep Warm

And defy the cold by applying

WEATHER STRIPS

AND STORM WINDOWS.

E. M. HUMPHREVILLE,

At the Old Stand, 41 & 43 Main Street.

THE NORTH STAR FOR MARCH,

Now in Press,

Will sustain its reputation for being the most unique and best five cents worth ever offered.

A WELL-DRESSED MAN

COMMANDS RESPECT.

CLOTHING may be made from the finest materials, cut in the most artistic manner, and made up in the most approved way, yet be unbecoming to the wearer. Hence, patterns of goods, styles of garments and workmanship are not all that is necessary to dress a gentleman, for what looks well upon one person, will not look well upon another. Good taste, sound judgment and a correct eye for colors, proportion, curves and lines are essentials that figure largely in building appropriate garments. Any old thing WON'T do. Place your order in competent hands.

A. M. CANAVAN,

Custom Tailor, 146 Elm Street, Westfield.

Westfield Steam Laundry,

13 Thomas Street, Westfield, Mass.

H. D. PEASE, Proprietor.

The casual customer repeats his call here.

WALL PAPER

Quite likely it is here—the pattern you want most.

[Telephone]

F. H. SCOTT, 29 & 31 Main Street, Westfield, Mass.

Bargains

IN

FURNITURE!

Watch my store windows. They are the most interesting price bulletins in town.

M. C. MOORE,

Cor. Elm & Arnold Sts., Westfield.

[Telephone]

Coal

Users please look our way.

T. KNEIL & SON,

Cor. Elm and Thomas Streets.

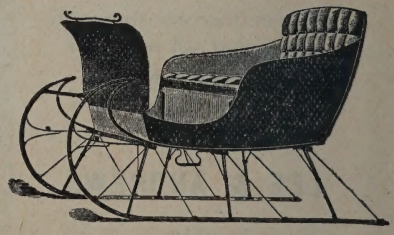
[Telephone]

W. J. SMITH

Says that a single dollar works wonders at his store, in purchasing

STATIONERY.

Cor. Main & Elm Streets, Westfield.



I WARRANT MY SLEIGHS

To be as near perfection as long experience, picked material and faultless design can make them.

[Telephone]

FRED SCHMIDT, School Street.

The work is "all right." The prices are "all right."
Everything is "all right" about our elegant

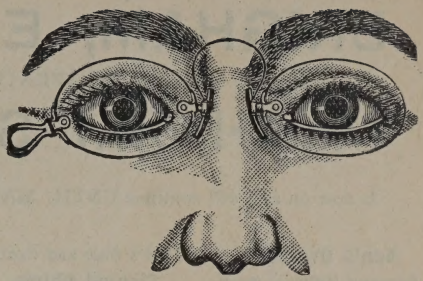
Crayon Pictures.

And we are taking orders right along, for each job brings in new work.

Coleman's Art Gallery,

Main Street, Westfield.

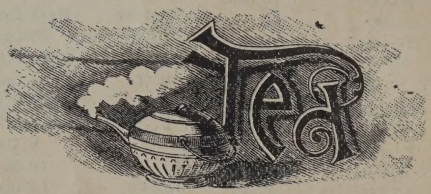
J. J. Mahoney
Dealer in
the celebrated
Burt + Packard
Shoes
151 Elm St.
Westfield



People's Eyes Differ.

Glasses adapted to one person are useless to another. We give careful attention to the fitting of Glasses. The many details are properly followed out.
If you are wearing Glasses that cause headache and eye strain, throw them aside and consult

R. E. COOPER,
Graduate Optician.
36 Elm Street, Westfield, Mass.



Our stock of
TEA, COFFEE
and SPICES

Is unsurpassed by any in town.

A little cash works wonders here.

Observe our

BARGAIN WINDOWS.

A nickel or a dime will work wonders.

O. B. PARKS & CO.

Parks' Block, North Elm Street.

[Telephone]

BRIGHAM, EATON & CO'S

FOURTEENTH SEMI-ANNUAL

Mark-Down Sale of Clothing

Is now on and will continue UNTIL MARCH 1, 1897. Compare the Following Prices.

Men's Overcoats.

Kerseys, Meltons, Beavers, Diagonals, Chinchillas, &c.
Sizes 34 to 44.

Regular Price.	Mark-Down Price.
$5.00	$4.00
6.50	5.00
7.50	6.00
8.50	7.00
10.00	8.50
12.00	10.00
14.00	12.00
15.00	12.00
16.00	12.00
18.00	15.00
20.00	15.00
22.00	18.00
25.00	18.00

Men's Reefers.

Regular Price.	Mark-Down Price.
$3.00	$2.50
5.00	4.00
7.50	6.00

Children's Overcoats and Ulsters.

Ages 4 to 16.

Regular Price.	Mark-Down Price.
$1.50	1.00
2.00	1.50
2.50	2.00
3.00	2.25
3.50	2.50
4.00	3.00
5.00	4.00
6.50	5.00

Men's Underwear.

Sizes 30 to 48

Regular Price.	Mark-Down Price.
$ .75	$ .65
1.00	.80
1.25	1.00
1.50	1.25
2.00	1.65
2.50	2.00

Men's Blue and Fancy

Flannel Shirts.

Regular Price.	Mark-Down Price.
$ .75	$ .50
1.00	.75
1.25	1.00
1.50	1.00
2.00	1.50
2.50	2.00

Men's Suits.

Single and Double-Breasted Cutaway, Sacks, Frocks, &c.
Sizes 34 to 48.

Regular Price	Mark-Down Price.
$5.00	$4.00
6.50	5.00
7.50	6.00
8.50	7.00
10.00	8.50
12.00	10.00
14.00	12.00
15.00	12.00
16.00	12.00
18.00	15.00
20.00	15.00

MEN'S

Wool & Leather Coats.

Sheepskin Lined.

Regular Price.	Mark-Down Price.
$2.00	$1.65
2.50	2.00
3.25	2.75
4.00	3.25
5.00	3.50
6.00	5.00

Boys' Short Pants.

Ages 4 to 16.

Regular Price.	Mark-Down Price.
$ .75	$ .50
1.00	.75
1.25	1.00

Boys' Suits.

Ages 4 to 16.

Regular Price.	Mark-Down Price.
$1.90	$1.50
2.50	2.00
3.00	2.25
3.50	2.50
4.00	3.00
4.50	3.50
5.00	4.00
6.50	5.00
7.50	6.00

Horse Blankets.

Regular Price.	Mark-Down Price.
$ .75	$ .65
1.00	.75
1.25	1.00
1.50	1.25
2.00	1.65
2.50	2.00
3.00	2.25
3.50	2.50
4.00	3.00
4.50	3.50
5.00	4.00
6.50	5.00

Men's Trousers.

Waist, 29 to 50.
Length 28 to 38.

Regular Price.	Mark-Down Price.
$ .85	$ .60
1.00	.75
1.25	1.00
1.50	1.25
2.00	1.65
2.50	2.00
3.00	2.25
3.50	2.50
4.00	3.00
4.50	3.50
5.00	4.00
5.50	4.50
6.00	5.00
6.50	5.00
7.00	5.00

Men's Ulsters.

Chinchillas, Friezes, &c.
Sizes 34 to 44.

Regular Price.	Mark-Down Price.
$5.00	$4.00
6.50	5.00
7.50	6.00
8.50	7.00
10.00	8.50
12.00	10.00
15.00	12.00
18 00	15.00
20 00	15.00

Boys' Overcoats and Ulsters.

Ages 14 to 19.

Regular Price.	Mark-Down Price.
$3.50	$2.50
5.00	4.00
6.50	5.00
7.50	6.00
8.50	7.00
10.00	8.50
12.00	10.00
15.00	12.00

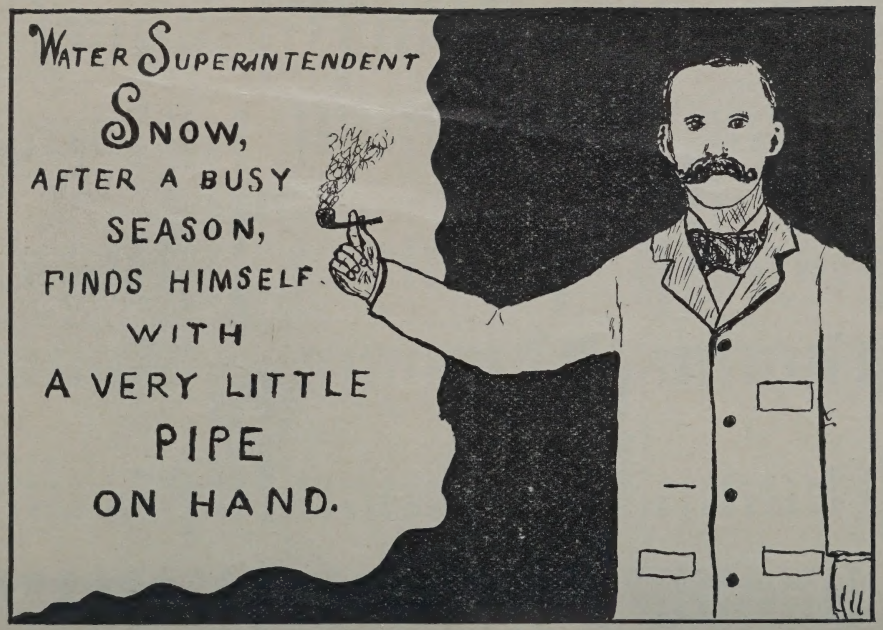
This Season's Production.

Manufactured for This Season's Trade.

To those who have attended our Mark-Down Sales in the past we have nothing to say, for they know what can be saved by purchasing Clothing at our store during this Sale.

BRIGHAM, EATON & CO.

Lane & Loomis' Block, Westfield. [Telephone 3-3]



ILLUSTRATED NEWS ITEM.

THE NORTH STAR

Published by The North Star Publishing Company, Westfield, Mass.

Office, 111 North Elm Street.

Telephone 12 - 4.

FIVE CENTS PER COPY. FIFTY CENTS PER ANNUM.

Entered at the post-office at Westfield, Mass., Feb. 23d, 1895, as second-class matter.

VOL. III. WESTFIELD, MASS., FEBRUARY, 1897. No. 1.

One month already sliced off '97. Another month, and then the man who sees the first bluebird will rise up and demand a hearing.

Let him be heard.

This issue commences our third year in the magazine form.

Those who believe they know, say there will be more cycles ridden the coming season than at any previous time in the history of wheeling.

There are to-day in the market good wheels enough to supply at least a dozen agencies.

Don't get cross when you open an envelope and find therein a call for your first, second, third or fourth assessment, as the case may be. Suppose it were one of those penny valentines, with a little verse calculated to hurt your feelings and make you think that you ain't such much after all.

The last month's whip combination lash, which had been braided over the swell and away on towards the fine point, had to be dropped on account of one of the strands not being properly handled.

Westfield Marble is something *hard* to beat, and the world is commencing to recognize the excellence of our quarried goods.

The box stoves have been removed from the Town Hall. Onward, Greater Westfield!

Aha! Zee American game of pokaire! She be one very funny game!

So fascinating and instructive has been the exhibition given in Knights of Columbus Hall, during the latter part of January, that the people will be glad to know that the same is to be continued through the first week in this month. While the operators blow out their glass novelties, the audience blows in its nickels and dimes, and everybody is happy.

The High School Herald for January has been placed on file among other bright exchanges received recently.

Among local amateur photographers, few can produce specimens equal to those shown by Town Clerk Oakes. Some examples of landscape work, subjects in the vicinity of Granville, and in the romantic "Gorge," are especially noteworthy.

Talk about the purity of city water. Why, our Montgomery fluid is so free from organic matter, that the strongest microscope can disclose hardly a sign of impurity, while in the neighboring towns of Springfield and Holyoke a reducing glass might be used to disguise the size of the wrigglers and other small cattle found in a glass of water, at certain seasons.

GRANVILLE.

DRUM CITY REVEILLES.

** E. A. Church is on the disabled list, the result of a burn upon his arm.

** The many friends of R. O. Rowley will be pleased to learn that he is on the gain.

** We hear that Melville Clark has decided not to sell his place at present.

** What's the reason Granville can't have a number of street lights? We think it would be a good plan. Let's hear from others.

** Ed. Gillett went into the Columbia Club, January 16th, (on a stretcher,) but Ed. made it satisfactory with the boys later.

** Mr. R. B. Cooley's fine blooded English setter, which he received recently from parties in Delaware, got hold of rat poison, and no doubt it would have proved a fatal dose, had not Dr. Leverett Fuller, who happened to be near, prescribed; and at last reports, "Grover" was alive and doing well, much to the delight of Mr. Cooley.

** Sleighing is fine, and teamsters are busy drawing wood and logs to the drum shops, which will undoubtedly start up soon. This the boys want to see, as most of them have their year's supply of wood up. Persons passing the houses of L. Davis and S. Noble would naturally think a young saw-mill was in operation, by the way the sawdust flies.

** Mr. Elroy Dewey expects to resume work on his house on Westfield Street soon.

** Charles Stevens, of Silver Street, while at work in the woods recently, with the assistance of his dog, treed a black squirrel, an animal somewhat rare in this part of the country.

** Marvin Murrow, of the firm of Clark & Murrow, job printers, of Printing House Square, has sold out his interest in the establishment to Mr. Clark, who will continue the business in the spring. Mr. Clark intends to erect a new block near the old one and go into business more extensively, although they report a good trade the past year. Granville is booming.

** A month has passed by without a wild cat.

AFTER-BEATS.

** The early morning 'lectric out of Granville, bound for Springfield, was bowling along at a rapid pace, and the cold, winter blast from Sodom Mountain gyrated through the fringed ends of the motorman's woolen tippet. The car rounded a curve and struck into the "Narrows," only to plunge into a snow-drift bigger'n a barn. The passengers were given stop-over checks, and then the motorman and conductor sat down and played old-sledge and waited for a thaw.

** He that is diligent in his business, and putteth snares upon a drum, thereby putteth money in his purse, and hath peace of mind; but he that putteth snares around the neck of the partridge, is sorely troubled, and getteth it in the neck at the Westfield police court.

MRS. VANDERNOODLE.

A Westfield woman, who prides herself on her general tidiness, hearing that the State Boiler Inspector is in town, proceeds to polish up the laundry utensils.

A POSTER IN BLACK and WHITE.

Dedicated to the City of Springfield.

FOR THE NORTH STAR.

IN THE CAVE.

BY GUY H. BEMAN.

"JIM," said my brother Bert to me, late one afternoon, "they say at the store that Sherman's men have got to Macon already, and may be here at any time. What are we going to do?"

Bert and I had a small plantation not far from Macon, Georgia, during the war, and were naturally much disturbed by the stories of Sherman's march, which would probably pass by us.

I answered, "You'd better drive the hogs into the cave and come to the swamp, and I'll take the mules and the cow into the swamp. Then let them come, that's all we can do."

Our chief possessions consisted of a drove of twenty hogs, two mules and a cow; and the loss of these would mean much to us. Our negroes had all ran away some months before, and so our crops had been practically a failure.

The cave referred to was well hidden in the woods east of the house, and the swamp, which lay west of us, was a dark and dangerous place, where a stranger would be easily lost, and a step in a wrong direction might mean death in mire and water.

We gathered up some provisions for ourselves, took our firearms and prepared to spend some days, perhaps a week, in our hiding place.

As I was about to enter the swamp, I heard a shout close by, and almost as quickly as I can tell it, a number of mounted soldiers had captured me, together with my beasts. They took me back to the house and compelled me to act as their host.

After supper they sat down to smoke and talk, and I was told to sit down with them. I was sure that Bert was safe, for only a dog could find a man in that swamp; so my anxiety was only about our possessions. It appeared that the main body of troops had passed by at some distance, and these men were a small body of skirmishers. Their animals were well loaded with provisions, and I hoped they would not greatly molest my property.

But a soldier soon appeared, saying that he had seen a man driving some swine, and had followed them to a cave. The men had rummaged the place and found the sties empty, and so thought these were my swine.

I had to acknowledge the fact, and the leader said, "Come with us and pick out the best one and, if it suits us, one is all we'll take."

They led me to the cave, held a lantern to the mouth, for it was then dark, and asked which one they should take. The hogs lay there asleep, some huddled together for warmth and some alone in corners.

I looked for a large black one, which was not of a valuable breed, but was certainly fat enough to suit them. I saw, as I thought, its dark shape in a corner, pointed it out and a man shot it. The creature leaped up erect, screamed, "Oh, Jim, you've killed me!" and fell down dead. It was my brother, Bert!

SNAP SHOTS.

When from the prow Ulysses, the far-wandering, descried the sirens, he turned pale.

"Look at them girls!" he almost shrieked, in his excitement. "If that ain't a summer resort I'll eat my helmet. Row for your lives."

—*Detroit Tribune.*

"Do you love me?" she asked fondly.

"Dearly," replied he.

"Would you die for me?"

"No, my precious one. Mine is an undying love."

She had to make the best of this.—*Town Topics.*

Boggs—"I'll tell you who the leading summer-time advertiser is."

Moggs—"Some of these root beer men I suppose."

Boggs—"No, the mosquito, and he's not satisfied with single insertions either."

Photo American.

IN THE WESTERN MASSACHUSETTS ORCHESTRA OF TOWNS

We are told that the above order of instrumentation will prevail.

THE EXHIBITOR'S RAINBOW.

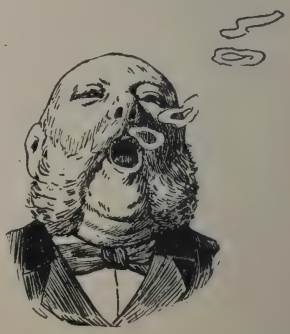
TIMELY THEMES THOROUGHLY THUMBED.

From Chinaland, far, far away, comes the almond-eyed individual, seeking a chance to cleanse and purify the more or less unclean resident of the Woronoco Valley. He sets up his tub and goes to work, and he wears a bland and child-like smile as he passes out the washee and takes in the long green and jingling silver coin of those who seek his services. And he has mastered the gentle art of minding his own business; he disturbs nobody. Even when the highly civilized and Christianized kid finds it necessary to shy an ancient banana stalk through the doorway, the Chinaman remains meek and patient—for a time. But even the laundryman will turn, and when a flatiron whistles through the air, and the cry of "Ki ya! Ki vip pe!" is heard, you may know that patience has ceased to be a virtue. And if the missile should hit the mark, and things take a certain turn, the jury could well bring in a verdict of justifiable hobocide.

★

Lectures are delivered in town, now and then, by able speakers, on various subjects, art, literature, science, etc., with great benefit to all concerned. The need of the hour is a course of lectures on the art of advertising, to be delivered before the business people of Westfield. It is a grand topic.

With the shadow of hard times hanging over the Woronoco Valley, as elsewhere, the careful, conscientious, pay-as-you-go man is the one who commands our respect. He is one of the mainstays of our financial fabric. But there is another, the fellow who has no pity in his heart for his trusting neighbor. He is the dead beat, the fellow who evidently believes that the community which is honored by his presence owes him a living. He often manages to get into society, so called. He also gets into the butcher and the grocer, and even the printer. He is never at a loss as to an excuse for not paying. His conscience is as flexible as the Lozierville whistle. If you watch the D. B. closely, you will notice that he is always solid for the wherewith to cast his shadow over a pool table or go lushing it about town. To-day, the local merchants, as they find time, for a brief moment, to gaze out of their store windows, see the D. B. passing along Elm Street, calmly smoking a mild cigar, and they are tempted to rush out and cry, "Pay me that twenty you owe me!" But 'twould be unavailing. He would stand them off and walk off leaving them to meditate on the notes coming due. Concluding, we say, bless the man who pays up. But confound the easy-going animal with a conscience flexible—like the Lozierville mocking bird.



THE MISSION BELL.

It hangs in yonder shaded dell,
A scion bound to San Miguel,
An ever-trusted sentinel,
This sweet-toned, ancient mission bell.

The bronze-skinned Indian of yore,
Replete with superstition's lore,
Welcomed unto his native shore
This sweet-toned, ancient mission bell.

It once proclaimed the marriage seal,
And tolled for death with muffled peal,
Or sounded mass in voice of steel,
This sweet-toned ancient mission bell.

The bat that wings his way at eve,
Whose parabolic flights deceive,
Doth tarry long, is loath to leave
This sweet-toned, ancient mission bell.

The spider spins her silken line
Secluded, and her weavings fine
With filmy festoons oft entwine
This sweet-toned, ancient mission bell.

Ah! if that silent tongue could tell
The many times it used to knell,
Recast in memory would dwell
This sweet-toned, ancient mission bell.

San Francisco Traveler.

A CASE OF LUCK.

A man who believes in the old saying, "See a pin, pick it up, and all that day you'll have good luck," saw a pin in front of the post-office the other day, and when stooping to capture it his hat fell off and rolled into the middle of the street, his braces gave way, his collar split open, and his false teeth, which cost him $15.00 when new, fell out and broke on the pavement. He picked up the pin, however.—*S. F. Traveler.*

MERCHANDISING.

This transaction recently took place in a local fruit store.

Customer:—"How much are these apples?"

Dealer:—"Tree fa fiva."

Customer:—"How much a peck?"

Dealer:—"Twenty cents."

Whereupon the customer laid down a dime for a half peck, got all the apples he could comfortably carry—several times as many as he would have secured by the three for five method; and everybody was happy.

FOR ART LOVERS.

WESTFIELD art lovers will find much of interest in Miss Elder's new studio in Parks' Block, where may be seen excellent examples of work, finished, and in the various stages of development in the students' hands.

Miss Elder has not only been a successful teacher, but she has executed work that has received favorable press notices, and, better than that, the praise of recognized masters of art. In the very beginning of her work on china, she was invited by her native state, Connecticut, to send specimens of her decorating to the New Orleans Exposition, where she received first honorable mention. In this line she paints, in an original and novel fashion, many quaint and interesting pieces, very suitable, by the way, for gifts. We remember, particularly, one cup and saucer, painted for a gentleman, with views in medallions, of his old homestead. Also some fantastic pieces illustrating the Uncle Remus stories. The water color work ranges from simple study of color, such as the student of mechanical drawing must have, to elaborate landscape pictures. In oils there is the same range. This collection includes two studies of landscapes in Sheffield, Mass., intended to go together, which, for harmony of composition and coloring remind one of Millet. Another fine picture is a scene on the north sea-cost, where the fishermen are unloading a boat before the tide is fairly out.

The work in charcoal is very important, including still-life, cast and life drawing. The portraits show an originality of treatment appreciated by those who understand good drawing. It is to be hoped that Westfield will be sufficiently generous with its patronage to keep this artist here permanently, for a studio and art school of this character is needed to supplement the work of the schools and advance the growing art needs of our progressive town. Westfield certainly should hold a high place in matters artistic.

On a morning cold and bleak, Oh!
The students set out for old Tek Oh!
All fearless and brave
They entered a cave
To explore and treasures to seek Oh!

But the absence of gold
In the depths grim and cold,
Their ardor and pride seemed to pique Oh!
And they found there was nit
Of the famed counterfeit;
So they up and towards home took a sneak Oh!

MISS MINNIE WHOLEAN,

Who is Making a Specialty of Elocution.

MISS ELIZABETH MOSELY EVERTON,

Who Won Silver Medal in This Town, Aug. 28, 1895,

Won Gold Medal, Dec. 30, 1895.

Has Won More Prizes as a Speaker than Any

Other Person in Town.

WORONOCO BLANK VERSE.

With the starting of the work on the road-bed
of the Westfield-Springfield electric line,
an opportunity will be open to those who haven't
steady employment, to do work for the company—just to fill in.

The local opera house finds that its worst enemies
this season have been cottages. Cottages
are small houses.

The society for the suppression of profanity
should establish a station at the north end of
Great River bridge. Teamsters who strike the
grade at this point, with a heavy load,
sometimes have occasion to swear. And it
would appear that gentle persuasion
has little effect in getting a load up the grade—
the lash and a few cuss words are wot t'ell.

The directors of the Hampden National Bank, in
voting to make improvements in their
banking-house, simply showed a vaulting
ambition.

"Well, you take the cake," said the ice merchant, who was shoving along a mass of ice,
as he handed the hook over to the man who had
just applied for a job on Great River.

Officer Chadwick has arrested the attention of
music lovers and the public in general by his
latest musical production, a schottische,
entitled, "She's the Only Pebble on the Beach."
The poetry was composed at odd moments, on
and off the beat, and the air was caught while
crossing Great River.
35c. the copy, at several local stores.

The whole tone of the piece is pleasing, also the
half-tone on the title page.

Artist Will Bradley of the Wayside Press,
Springfield, and publisher of "Bradley His
Book," in commenting on THE NORTH STAR,
says, "You issue a very credible
publication."

We tip our hat to the Dandelion!

A group of local historians were recently discussing the town clock, and one man present
stated that he sang at an entertainment given for
the raising of funds to buy the clock, many
years ago. He gave a sample of the songs
rendered at the time, and those present
now understand why the clock is sometimes
eccentric in its actions.

A well-bred young man, who is up in the usages of polite society, will tip his hat when
meeting a lady at the post-office entrance, even
though both his hands may be busy at the
time, holding open the double doors.

A small boy who makes the rounds of insurance
and other offices, begging for calendars,
soon acquires a large assortment; in fact he
proves himself not only smooth in his way but
super-calendared.

When the "new road" to Granville was built,
the towns interested had great hopes
for it. Now both their hopes and the road
have been blasted.

And this is the season of the year when from
the west and nor'-west comes the ice-king's
chilly breath, sweeping down the
Valley of the Woronoco,
striking the shivering pedestrian as he crosses
Great River, with its terrible blow.
"And the blow it almost killed father."

Electric motors are rapping at the door of the
local mechanical world. Prospective users
of these will do well to get assurance
that water motor tactics will not be applied
to them later, and, through fine legal points,
one man's sausage grinder allowed to be propelled, while another's buzz-saw
is brought to a stand-still.

A charity ball is what the town must have,
even if an article has to be inserted in the next
town-meeting warrant to bring it about.

IN WESTFIELD'S SCHOOLS.

OUR RISING GENERATION.

EILEEN SHEA,
A Bright Davis School Girl.

ELLA CLEARY,
A Sweet Little Second Grade Girl.

EMILY RANDALL,
Who has not been Absent or Tardy since the Opening of the Fall Term.

FLORENCE McCORMICK,
A Bright Little Pianist.

RICHARD NAHLOVSKY,
A Bright Prospect Hill Boy.

LEE BATES,
The Smallest Boy in his Grade in Town.

——— The belief that counterfeiters once plied their trade in a rocky chamber of Mt. Tekoa may or may not be founded on fact; but certain it is that counterfeit quarters have been found right in the center of the town, at various times in recent years.

——— In his illustrated lecture at the High School, on the evening of the 20th, Mr. Bailey gave his large audience an insight in picture building, both entertaining and instructive. Considerable light was also thrown on the subject by Prof. Cole.

——— Though the merchants in Parks' block escaped from the ravages of fire, the deluge of water was a visitation that they do not care to have repeated. Even the underwear on the shelves would naturally shrink from such an unwelcome wetting.

——— City newspapers often delight in poking fun at the hayseed press of the country towns, whose items, bearing on trivialities, occupy so much space. Nowhere is the gathering and printing of these petty items so marked as in Springfield, whose papers teem with glaring accounts of a slight crack in the plaster in the city hall; of the fact that Marshal McDonald is wearing overshoes these days; that Patricio Barou of Sharon Street broke the handle of his pickaxe, while digging on Dwight Street, etc. etc. These papers are all struggling for a scoop on something, and mole hill items get mountainous head-lines.

——— And that brings to mind a sheet published some years ago, in the neighboring village of West Granville. Its life was short, though it should have continued, as it had the largest circulation of any paper published in the town, and was located in a rich vegetable and butter-producing territory, where the price of subscriptions was easily available. But it died, and the town has been quiet, very quiet, ever since.

——— The pop-corn eating fad seems to have run its course in town, and the several vendors of that luxury, after repeatedly giving their customers the sack, are themselves out of a job.

——— The plumber who caused the blaze in Parks' block, was forced to wipe his own joints when his hands were scorched by the blaze.

——— When a certain representative from this part of the state puts in an appearance at the legislature, the members inwardly remark, "The Campbell's a-comin' "

——— Frappe, that great feature of modern social gatherings, bears a name whose correct pronunciation is an unknown quantity to a large number of those who partake thereof. But they don't care a rappe so long as they get at the frappe.

——— A carping critic, commenting on our cartoons of the past month, says that they are crude and lack artistic merit. Great Scott, what do you expect for a nickel, a Raphael or a masterpiece from the brush of Rosy Bone Her?

——— A spirited horse shied at the sight of the Montgomery mail carrier's imposing covered wagon, on Elm Street, one day recently. It was merely a case of stage fright, and no great damage was done.

——— An enterprising local druggist, a benefactor of his race, displays in his store window a daily calendar, so conspicuous that he who passes by may read. The sunrise and sunset hours are also printed.

——— Speaking of druggists, certain factors seem to be working against their trade. In summer time, they are discouraged from Sunday soda selling; and just as they were about to do a good thing selling plasters and liniments, the selectmen put a kibosh on the sparring match at the Gem Opera House.

——— Plans for the spelling match were not carried out as originally made, and those who were prepared to spell the entire dictionary found that a word from the ministers was enough to side-track them all.

D. DRUMLEY DRUMMOND,

Tired of walking through deep snow, from his home to the drum shops, in Granville, brings out his new trolley scheme, and rolls down to work like a flash, while he laughs at snow drifts.

A WESTFIELD MILLIONAIRE.

ONE balmy day in June, some years ago, a party of children, among whom happened to be Joe Duffy and myself, started on an exploring expedition in the vicinity of what is now known as Mundale, hoping to secure a big load of wild flowers on the way.

Now, Joe was never noted for a great desire to exert himself, and as a tin peddler passed us, helped himself to a seat with the rag bags on the back of the cart. To this the peddler strenuously objected, and as a result of the filing of the objection, Joe again joined our party, with big tears rippling like rivers down his fat cheeks, and several marks of a whip on his face.

"I'll get my fadder to hammer the life out a him!" the boy explained as we clustered about him to offer our most heart-felt sympathy.

"No! No Joeie!" I suggested. "Sue him! Sue him and make him pay you a lot of money.

This idea seemed to be a novel and feasible one, so much so that Joe immediately stopped crying and said, "By gum, I will, and I'll buy out Parks' grocery, and you kin be my bookkeeper."

In those days that was a pretty big bonus to offer a girl, even if she did act in the capacity of legal adviser, and my eyes must have expressed my unbounded thankfulness, for a white-haired old man who stood near, and who must have overheard our conversation, burst into a roar of laughter, as he looked from one to the other curiously. Just where the fun came in neither Joe nor myself have ever understood; but the old man seemed to be immensely pleased, so much so that he begged leave to join our party, and was soon trudging along with Joe and I.

The boy must have been revolving the various methods of conducting a grocery store about in his own mind, for he took no part in the conversation, and soon had lagged so far behind that the old man and myself were trudging on alone.

Greylocks seemed to be perfectly familiar with every inch of the road over which we were walking, for he had an interesting story to tell about almost every object which we saw.

"Do you see that little white shop there?" he asked, as we passed a small factory which then stood beside the roadway.

"Yes, sir," I answered promptly. "Is the man who owns it very rich?" I think, to tell the truth, that my thoughts were still with Joe and his business enterprise, and I was wondering, on the sly, if it would not be wiser for him to invest the tin peddler's money in a little white shop like the one in question.

"A man who once owned that shop is now a millionaire," the gray-haired stranger said. "That is where Cyrus W. Field made his start in life."

"Cyrus W. Field," I echoed, "not the man who laid the Atlantic cable."

"None other, my child, none other!" was the answer. "He came here, started that little shop, and boarded with my parents all the time he lived here. I think he is the only man of whom I was ever thoroughly jealous. My father was always holding Cyrus Field up to me as a pattern by which to cut out my career, if I hoped

to be a successful man. Maybe I was not glad when he had to give up in despair and leave the place."

"Oh, then," I said, still thinking of Joe, "he did not make a success of this business, then?"

"No," was the answer, "with him the third attempt was usually the successful one. You remember it was so with his Atlantic cable, and as near as I can learn it was so with his start in business."

"Then you don't think a man could make a million dollars or so in that factory?" I questioned, "not even if he had a good deal to start with, and a first-class book-keeper?"

The old man's lips assumed an expression of uncalled-for gravity, but his merry eyes danced mirthfully, and I noticed that his shoulders shook uproariously, as he stooped to gather a few flowers for me.

"Well, of course," he returned, as soberly as a judge, "much depends upon the man, and the kind of business, but most upon the man, with whom, of course, I always consider the book-keeper as an equal partner. With Cyrus Field, the venture was, as the world calls it, a failure; but if one could see its influence upon his after life I doubt not that it would be called one of the grandest successes of that life. You see, it was here that he learned by actual experience just how to conduct a business, and the nights of planning, and hoping, and scheming, finally ending in failure, were to him the hours of torture, which almost every successful business man can point to in some period of life."

Our roads here diverged, and as Joe came up to us, the old man said, with a return of the naughty twinkle that had annoyed me so by flashing into his eyes several times that day, "I am not sure that I have not been talking with another Cyrus Field to-day. What is your name, my boy!"

Joe gave the desired information, which the old man put at once into a note book, adding my name as a matter of secondary consideration. Then, patting Joe on the head and taking my hand, he said, "I shall watch your business enterprises with much interest, my dear children, and am confident that my hopes for their success will be some day realized."

Joe and I trudged up the hill to the left, and he stood leaning against the rustic fence, wearing a grave smile, which neither the lad nor myself could fully understand.

Boys and girls have more time to think during these long, cold evenings than at any other season of the year, and the thought which should play an important part in their considerations just at present is, "Am I a member of THE NORTH STAR'S Little Defender Society?" If not, now is just the time to take this step. Sign the coupon and return it at once to the secretary.

THE NORTH STAR'S LITTLE DEFENDER SOCIETY.

PLEDGE:—I promise to be kind to all dumb, helpless animals. I promise to protect such animals and to do all in my power to induce others to be humane to them.

Signed _____

Street _____

Town _____

Member of THE NORTH STAR'S

Little Defender Society.

MISS HELEN TIERNEY, Secretary.

11 Delancey Street. Westfield, Mass.

WILL O'DAY.

The Youngest of the Little Defenders.

WESTFIELD
STANDARD OIL CO.
NEW ENGLAND OIL CO.

GENERAL ITEMS.

Allie Goodrich, the Granville agent for THE NORTH STAR, finds ready customers for sixty copies each month, and is making a gentle hustle for the 100 mark. Everybody in his field should lend a hand in the good work.

The tobacco growers of New England are to meet at the City Hall, in Springfield, on the 8th of this month and consider the tobacco question in all its phases. The condition of the tobacco growing industry is not what it should be hereabouts, and the farmers feel that a new leaf should be turned over.

The Foster House boasts a new cook in the person of W. W. Joslin, who is an expert, having formerly been in the employ of Springfield's most aristocratic aristocracy.

The Temple Café, Springfield, located on Main Street, a few doors below State, is a favorite with shoppers in the city. Menu first-class in every respect.

We are proud of our community, and like to have our importance recognized. The street fakir or showman who rises up in our midst and says, "Ladies and gentlemen, we intend to be in your little village for two weeks," does not succeed as well as he who says, "We hope to remain in your city for two weeks."

Here is a suggestion. The U. S. government has on hand, at its various navy yards, hundreds of cannon, a little out of date, which may be had for the asking. A border of these cannon, laid around the G. A. R. lot, in Pine Hill cemetery might or might not be appropos. The plan is carried out in other places.

Invitations have been issued by Col. and Mrs. Lakin and Miss Beula Lakin for a reception and dancing party to be given at Columbia Hall, on Wednesday evening, the 10th of the present month, at 8 o'clock.

As may be observed by our advertising columns, local opticians are offering spectacles at one cent a pair and upward. There is certainly a bargain in sight for somebody.

A restauranter in town, on his opening evening, threw his establishment open to the shining lights of the local "Newspaper Row." This man's diplomatic genius, like the output of his frying-pan, is of a very high order.

When you are in a grade-crossing damage-adjustment affair, you want to do as the Romans do—at least the way Bernard Roman did. He got a hundred bone out of it.

In a local drug store, directly in front of a mirror, is ranged an assortment of shaving-cups, and patrons of the store, who chance to glance towards the mirror, are reminded by a placard that they may get a new mug for so-and-so.

Our electric lights, are, at times, like pigs' lights, simply offal.

The glorious climate of New England! Last summer all work was suspended for several days, the heat being such that even the Italian laborers were overcome. Now is the season when the average toiler argues between going out and freezing to death or staying in the house and starving.

A LESSON IN MULTIPLICATION.

EDITOR Perkins of the Sioux City Journal was recently in Philadelphia, where he entertained a party of newspaper men with the following ingenious adaptation of an old story:

It all came about through the close-fistedness of a friend of mine, who owns or did own a flourishing daily paper in a growing Nebraska town. The old fellow had had a hard struggle to reach prosperity, and knew the value of a dollar. Consequently he always insisted upon getting his money's worth or a little more.

One day there came into his office a bright-looking young fellow, who lost no time in explaining that he wanted to get into newspaper work, and had come to ask my friend for a job.

It so happened that the 'Herald,' which will do as well as any other for a name for the old fellow's paper, needed a reporter.

"Any experience?" gruffly inquired the old man.

"No; but I can learn."

"Humph! I suppose you know that 'learners' in the newspaper business don't get very much?"

"Yes; but I'm not looking for a fortune."

After a little more talk the old fellow finally told the young man he could start in if he was willing to work a few weeks for nothing.

"That'd be all right" was the reply, "but I would not want my people to know that I'd do a thing like that, and I'm too conscientous to lie to them. I'll tell you what I'll do, though. If you'll agree to double my pay every week I'll start in for a cent a week and work a year on trial."

The old man chuckled to himself. A cent a week! It had been a long time since he had struck such a snap.

"All right," he said. "When can you start in?"

"Right now," was the response. "Just give me a little memorandum of the agreement, sir."

The old man did so, and the young fellow pulled off his coat and went to work. At the end of the week he stepped up to his employer's desk and was handed his cent.

"It isn't very much, eh?" facetiously said the old fellow.

"It'll do," was the embryo newspaper man's only rejoinder.

The next week he found two bright pennies in his envelope, and the next four, and the next eight. Meanwhile he was working as hard as if his pay was a hundred dollars a week. His work was first-class, too.

"Can't see how he was blamed fool enough to make such a contract," the Herald's owner confided to his book-keeper. "He's as smart as a whip in every other way. Guess it must be that the best men have some weak spots in their heads."

Well, the fifth week rolled around and the young fellow, who had made such a fool bargain, drew 16 cents; the next week he got 32 cents, the next 64, and the next $1.28. His employer thought a little encouragement might not be amiss.

"Getting a little more like it now, eh?" he said.

"A little," the youngster admitted.

The eighth week was not long in coming, then the new man received $2.56. The ninth week his envelope contained $5.12, and the tenth week $10.24. The old man happened to be in when the pay roll was being made up for the eleventh week.

"What's that you're putting in A——'s envelope?" he demanded sharply of the book-keeper. "Twenty dollars and forty-eight cents?"

"Yes, sir," answered the book-keeper. "That's his pay for this week."

The old fellow sent for the young reporter in a hurry.

"That agreement of yours," he began nervously, when his employe arrived. "Have you ever figured out what it amounts to?"

"Oh, yes, a dozen times," was the reporter's cheerful answer. "Want to see the figures?"

Then the young fellow laid a slip of paper on the old man's desk.

"Next week," he continued, coolly, I'll get $40.96, and the next $81.92. Three weeks from now you'll have to pay me $163.84, and the week after that $327.68. By the time I've been here five months my envelope will probably have to be enlarged, for that week's stipend will be just $10,485.76. Something near what I'm worth, you know."

The old man was knocked all in a heap, and it was fully five minutes before he could recover his speech.

"You said, when you started the story that your friend 'did own' the paper," interrupted one of Mr. Perkins' hearers. "What did you mean by that?"

"Nothing," was the reply, "only that three months later there was a wedding at my friend's house, in which his daughter and that reporter were the principal performers. Shortly after the wedding he turned his whole newspaper business over to his son-in-law and went to Europe.

CITY LIFE.

The pootpads of Gotham now count that day lost whose low descending sun sees by no thug one more New Yorker done.—*New York World.*

A play called "The Heart of Chicago" has just been put upon the stage. Inasmuch as the stockyards are now in the heart of Chicago, it is probably a bloody affair.—*Cleveland Leader.*

The elevated railroad that was sold at auction in Chicago the other day for $4,000,000 was capitalized at $20,000,000. There appears to have been water enough in the road to have warranted its utilization for canal purposes.—*Boston Herald.*

Any Old Pebble on the Beach.

As the Old Farmers' Almanac would express it, "Now put snow-shoes on your bicycle."

In one building in town there is located a kindergarten, also a laundry. In either case, parcels are called for and delivered.

The man who slips up on the icy stone stairs of the B. & A. daypo, will find that his is something more than the popular two-step movement.

To some men a vacancy on the side-board is a matter of more concern than a vacancy in the school-board.

"Hospital Hill," the new name applied to the region of West Silver Street heights, may be the best name available, still there is something about the title, we will not say, grewsome, but, at the same time, with a saw-my-leg-off sort of flavor that is quite gloomy.

In Springfield, when a police officer commences to show signs of corpulance, the cry is, "Lay him off!" An officer who knows his business will avoid all fattening drinks, and confine himself to a few lemon sours per day, or night, according to the hours on duty.

The good people of Westfield are anxiously awaiting the re-appearance of the town's ironclad cruiser, "Garbage," captained by our colored brother, who discharged his duties so faithfully last season. At present there are too many "Tin cans in the dump."

A local artist, looking for a good subject in still life, was advised by a friend to take the stage and go out to Tolland.

"But what is there there to paint as still life?" asked the artist.

"The whole town," answered the other.

THE PROGRESSIVE CLUB.

THE Progressive Club have undertaken a very noble, as well as a much needed, work in their attempt to establish a room in the Noble Hospital for the benefit of the working girls. For some years past this club have been doing charitable work in as quiet and unobtrusive a way as possible, confining their efforts largely to work among the public school children, giving aid here wherever their means would allow. Knowing of several cases in the past in which much suffering has been silently endured by girls who had no home here, and no means of securing the necessary care in illness, the club resolved to establish a room for the use of such girls, taking as their first rule of action the law that in case a sufficient sum of money could be secured, no girl would be excluded from the room on account of race or religion. The club have fully realized from the first that the success of the undertaking depends upon the public, whose patronage must be secured before any matter of this kind can be made a reality. That the public sympathize with the movement there can be no doubt, considering the numerous notes of encouragement and the proffers of future aid that have poured in upon the president of the society during the past few weeks from the leading business people of the town. And why should not the public sympathize with such a movement? Is not the life work of these girls expended in Westfield, is not all that their hands or brains create done for the good of Westfield, do they not often give of their small earnings all but what will barely support themselves, for the care of some relative dependent upon them? Should they not, when sickness overtakes them, be relieved by the kindly ministry of friends from the two-fold sorrow of pain and poverty? Was there ever a movement started in town that was more worthy of the support of all classes, was there ever one that ought to draw all classes together on a common plane as this one should?

The first large public affair that the club has held for the object mentioned, was the reception and concert, which took place in the Gem Opera House on Wednesday, January 27, and which, judging by the size of the party present, forebodes a bright future for the workers in the good cause. Many out-of-town guests come in holiday attire to make merry with the local patrons, among them being people from Holyoke, Springfield, South Hadley Falls, Huntington, Northampton, and West Springfield. Some of the most beautiful costumes worn in town this season were displayed on the floor as the ladies flitted about in the dances to the music of the Cleveland Wheel Orchestra. The gallery was well filled with spectators during the whole evening, and the club has every reason to be proud of its first big effort to establish a room in the Noble Hospital for the use of working girls.

The following are the officers of the organization elected at the last annual meeting: President, Catherine A. Tierney; Vice President, Miss Ella Downey; Secretary, Mrs. Edward J. King; Treasurer, Miss Nellie Doherty.

Other good works going on in our midst, and which are worthy of applause, are the efforts of the Hopefully Well Affected Club, who have recently sent good cheer to a distant country.

Then there is the aid given a stricken family by various charitable organizations.

Lyon Relief Corps carries on a noble work in its particular field.

The organizations connected with the several churches, making their object charity and the relief of suffering, all merit a full measure of encouragement.

An arctic explorers' club has been formed. One of the features at the regular meetings will be cold lunches.—*Phila. No. American.*

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Our Entire Stock of

Boys and Children's

SUITS

Regardless of Cost.

All of our $4.00, $5.00, $6.00 and $7.00

SUITS at $3.00.

And the Cheaper Grades at the Same Reduction.

Respectfully,

Main, Russell, Cook

& CO.

68 Elm Street, Westfield.

WESTFIELD'S

Model Restaurant.

C. W. ABELL, Proprietor.

Gowdy's New Block, Arnold Street, near Elm.

HOURS FOR MEALS.

6.30 to 7.30 A. M. 11.45 A. M. to 1.30 P. M. 5.45 to 7.30 P. M.

Sundays, 8 to 9 A. M. 2 to 3 P. M.

Catering for Parties and Assemblies.

Good Cigars

ARE GOOD COMPANIONS.

In this connection, let us remind you that a man is known by the company he keeps; so if you would be in good cigar company, take either a

"Hennessy ★★★"

Or an "ORACLE,"

For your companion, and you will not regret it.

Bay State Cigar Co., Manufacturers,

Westfield, Mass.

KNOWLTON ✻ BROTHERS,

PHOTOGRAPHERS,

Over S. S. Conner's, Exchange Block, Westfield.

Read what one of our photographic journals has to say about the new style pictures.

ARISTO PLATINO.

"And still the march is onward! As irresistible as the tide of the ocean is the onward sweep of Platino, and the ever increasing demand for this superb article can leave but one impression in the minds of close observers, and that is the final supremacy and universal use of this only truly artistic exponent of photographic art. One by one the great mass of the patrons of photographic establishments are being educated to the beauty of the "dull finish," so that their eyes, like ours, who have made a longer study, carry convincing arguments to the minds of the beholders that there is only one truly beautiful photograph, and that is the Platino."—PHOTOGRAPHIC RECORDER.

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ABSOLUTELY PURE-MOST DELICIOUS EXTRACTS THE BEST.

J. B. SHEA,

THE TRIPLE STORE,

Meats, Vegetables, Fish.

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MARKET.

Wonderful Bargains for Cash.

Special Attractions Every Saturday. Come In.

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THE BEST EQUIPPED

WOOD Working Shop

IN TOWN.

J. J. FULLER,

5 & 7 North Elm Street, Westfield.

Builders' Work of Every Description.

IF YOU ARE PARTICULAR

ABOUT WHAT YOU EAT,

We Can Suit You on Groceries.

New Seasonable Specialties
constantly arriving.
New Raisins, Figs. Prunes,
Citron, &c.
Nice Fresh-Laid Eggs on hand.
Also a lot engaged that are not yet laid.

Gibbons & Provin,

Gowdy's Block, Elm Street, Westfield.

[Telephone]

THERE'S A NEW MAN IN TOWN. At the

NICHT Lunch-Wagon.

G. P. HOLDEN.

By the Car-load, Ton, or in Any Quantity Desired.

McCARTHY BROS.

348 Elm Street, Westfield.

Two Beers

With the Proper Flavor.

The Springfield Brewing Co's Tivoli and the
Celebrated Milwaukee Beer.
On draught at

The Foster House,

North Elm Street, Westfield.

HATFIELD & McQUEEN, Proprietors.

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Office, 10 Union St., Residence, 6 Union St.
Office Hours—8 to 10 A. M., 2 to 3 and 7 to 9 P. M.
Night Calls Answered from House.

C. W. BOWEN, M. D., Physician and Surgeon.
Room 6, Post-Office Block, Westfield, Mass.
Office Hours—8 to 10 A. M., 2 to 3 and 7 to 9 P. M.

GEORGE A. WALKLEY, D. D. S.
Dental Parlor, Room 1, Second Floor, Parks' Block,
Elm Street, Westfield, Mass.

A. W. HOLTON, ARCHITECT.
Room 7, 5th Floor, Parks Block, Westfield, Mass.

O. C. TOWLE, FIRE INSURANCE AGENCY,
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Gill's Block, Springfield, Mass. Under the Management of Dr. F. A. Bragg. Painless Filling, 22-Caret Gold Crown, $5.00. Best S. S. White Teeth, $8.00 a set. Office open evenings.

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Pure Antiseptic
TOOTH POWDER
Prevents decay by destroying germs and neutralizing acids.

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Pension Claim Attorney
And Notary Public. Rents Collected and Property Rented.
Reference if Required.
DESIRABLE HOUSES and FARMS FOR SALE.
Room 2, 50 Elm St., Westfield.

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To and from the
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And Drafts for Any Amount,
SOLD BY
V. W. CROWSON,
AT WESTFIELD SAVINGS BANK.

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TOOTH POWDER,
In Bottles and in Bulk.
Put up by A. W. HITCHCOCK, druggist,
150 Elm Street, Westfield.

THE NORTH STAR is the only publication in Western Massachusetts printing local cartoons in colors.

[Telephone]

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Good Thing
IN
Stationery
It is kept in stock by
HENRY R. JOHNSON,
Bookseller and Stationer, 388 Main St., Springfield.

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Spring and Summer Samples
OF
Suits and Overcoats
From B. STERN & SON, Wholesale Custom Tailors, of New York. Prices on these goods are a pleasant surprise to Clothing buyers and the quality is right.
J. A. FARINE,
188 Elm Street, Westfield.
Cleaning and Repairing done at short notice, at low prices.

1c. *A Drive in Spectacles.*
Spectacles from 1c. to 5c. a pair. Very good Glass for 5c.
Wetherell & Hollister
12 Elm Street, Westfield.

Oh, hard, black coal, thy shining face.
Bespeaks thy warming power.
Come, make my bin thy resting-place,
For I need thee every hour.

C. J. LITTLE

Supplies those who need coal. Cor. Elm & Main Streets, Westfield. Telephone.

W. P. CRANE,

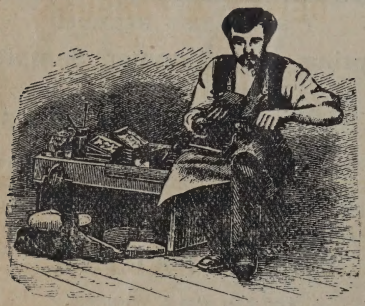
9 Main Street, Westfield.

Open and Shell BLUE POINT OYSTERS.

All the Seasonable Delicacies in the line of Game and Sea Food.

Goods Delivered to All Parts of the Town.

[Telephone]



CORRECT SHOE REPAIRING

T. H. MONAGHAN, 169 Elm Street.

Parties wishing to transact business in the subscription or advertising departments of THE NORTH STAR, May make their wants known by Telephone.

12 - 4.

Mark-Down Sale

Of Winter Goods.

AT THE

North Side Dry Goods Store,

North Elm Street, Westfield.

It will pay buyers from any section of the town to call and secure the money-saving bargains.

L. F. GRIGGS.

The Winter Season

Promises much more of the real old-fashioned kind of weather. Don't suffer. The frost king's frown need not alarm you if you are equipped with our

Stoves and Heaters.

We can carry comfort to your homes, expressed in the perfection of a Kitchen Range or a Parlor Heater.

ESTATE OF

H. O. SPRAGUE,

59 Elm Street, Westfield.

[Telephone]

Pomeroy's Electric Cream Silver Polish

PRICE, 25 CENTS.

Charles Pomeroy, Prop'tor, 2 Franklin St., Westfield.

One of the many testimonials is quoted herewith.

From the WILLIAMS TRIO, Swiss Bell Ringers, Vocalists and Musical Artists.

Mr. Pomeroy, Westfield, Mass., Jan. 25. 1897.

Dear Sir:—We have tried your "Electric Cream Polish" and have found it an excellent polish, and would recommend it to all who desire a good article and free from acids. We have had considerable trouble to procure a polish that would do the work satisfactorily on our Swiss bells, but are glad to say yours fills the want very credibly. Wishing you every success, we are, Sincerely yours,

WILLIAMS TRIO. Per R. T. W.

AUSTIN BROTHERS,

Parks' Block, Westfield.

OUR

Semi-Annual Sale

OF

Muslin Underwear and Corsets

OPENS

Wednesday Morning, Feb. 10th.

At this time we shall place on sale the most complete line of Ladies, Misses and Children's Muslin Underwear, Corsets and Corset Waists that we have ever had the pleasure of placing before the people of Westfield,

AT PRICES That are Sure to Attract Attention.

Come and see for yourselves.

AUSTIN BROTHERS.

Did You Ever Want a Physician's Prescription

Mixed quickly, accurately and at a low price? If you did, did you ever have it done with more precision than by

DEWEY & PARSONS?

If you did, please let them know who did it, as they pride themselves on being the superlative of accuracy, promptness and reasonable prices in Westfield.

DEWEY & PARSONS,

TWO STORES.

Cor. Elm and School Streets,
35 and 37 North Elm Street,

WESTFIELD, MASS.

[Telephones]

As we remarked once before, in another column, our March issue will be an excellent one. March will usher in the springtime, also No. 2 of Volume III of Westfield's popular magazine, THE NORTH STAR.

A Problem of Finance

The finances of the home are what we are particularly interested with just now. If you can save a snug little sum of money by buying your Carpets now, by all means do not delay. Our Special

Mark-Down Winter Sale

Is attracting buyers from all parts, East, West, North and South. The buying is not confined to Westfield, but stretches out over a wide area.

CONSIDER THESE PRICES.

Ingrain Carpets,

Strictly All Wool, 37½c. a Yard.

Tapestry Carpets,

New Patterns, 39c. a Yard. Last Season's 75c. goods now 50c. a Yard.

Body Brussels,

Best Quality, Standard Makes, 85c. a Yd.

Velvet Carpets,

Fine Quality, 75c. a Yard.

A lot of Odd Pieces of

FURNITURE,

Including Chairs, Rockers, Sofas, &c., at half price.

Lambson & Rothery Co.

Elm & Thomas Streets, Westfield.

C. K. LAMBSON. A. ROTHERY.
J. A. KENYON.

At Conner's!

Now being conducted, a closing out of

Tapeteries

At greatly reduced prices. All grades.

Remember,

AT CONNER'S,

Exchange Block, Westfield.

W. E. VEASY,

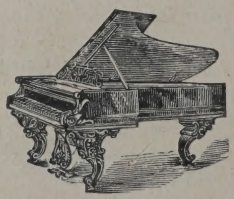
Real Estate Broker

And General Business Agency.

Stores and Tenements to Rent. Desirable Dwelling Houses in all parts of the town.

Also Fire Insurance.

Room 14, Gowdy's Block, Westfield.



GEO. H. SHARP & CO.

Waterman's Block, Elm Street, Westfield.

Dealers in Pianos and Organs.

Most complete assortment in town, and prices away below the city stores. Get prices elsewhere, if you will, but see us before placing your order.

We have on exhibition, at our ware-rooms an assortment of instruments, finished in the various styles.